

Leave Me

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Category: Avengers, Captain America  
Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance  
Language: English  
Characters: Bucky B./Winter Soldier, Captain America/Steve R., Tony S./Iron Man  
Pairings: Bucky B./Winter Soldier/Tony S./Iron Man  
Status: Completed  
Published: 2016-04-08 16:52:06  
Updated: 2016-04-08 16:52:06  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:47:52  
Rating: K  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 934  
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net  
Summary: Written for this one sentence prompt on Tumblr: "Like hell I'm leaving you when you look at me like that"

Leave Me

Tony hadn't seen Bucky the whole day. It wasn't especially unusual that they didn't see each other for a day or two, but mostly it was because Tony was too busy in his workshop and didn't leave.

But Tony hadn't even been to his workshop today, so it definitely felt strange.

When he came to the common-floor, hoping that Bucky would be there, he could find no trace of him.

"What are you looking for, lover boy?" Clint asked him, munching on a pretzel.

"Bucky," Tony distractedly answered when he still couldn't find him.

"Haven't seen him the whole day," Clint said and now Tony started to worry a bit. This was highly unusual.

"Jarvis, is he even in the tower?"

"He is, sir."

"Where is he?" Tony asked and was already on his way to the elevator.

"I am not allowed to say," Jarvis regretfully said, but before Tony could start to protest the elevator doors slid open.

Tony entered it, a slight frown on his face, because he really had no clue where to look for Bucky, but before he could tell Jarvis that, the doors closed and the elevator moved.

"You are one sneaky bastard," Tony said with a smile.

"I don't know what you are talking about, sir. I am not telling you anything."

"You keep telling yourself that," Tony mumbled and frowned again when they stopped at Steve's floor.

He quickly got out of the elevator and walked into the living-room.

Steve was sitting on the couch, looking up when he heard Tony enter.

"Thank god," he mumbled and got up.

"What's going on?" Tony asked, suspicion in his voice and Steve clapped his shoulder.

"He is in a horrible mood, angry and abrasive, and he keeps yelling at me that he doesn't want to see anybody, but could you please just go in and talk to him? I think he really wants to see you."

"Why didn't you say so earlier?" Tony incredulously asked and Steve shrugged.

"He made me promise. I'm just glad Jarvis found a way to tell you."

Tony shook his head at that. "Get out of here. I got this."

"You sure? He really is in a horrible mood. He will end up saying things he doesn't mean."

"Yeah, I'm sure. It's not like he can get rid of me anyway."

"Okay, good. Thank you, Tony," Steve said, and then he left him alone.

While Tony and Bucky had moved in a few months back, Bucky still had a room on Steve's floor for bad days just like this. Tony mentally berated himself for not coming to look here earlier.

When he entered Bucky's room, everything was dark, and Tony only escaped the shoe that was thrown at his head because Bucky had never meant to hit him in the first place.

"I don't want you here," he said and his voice sounded rough.

"Tough luck," Tony shot back and turned on the light.

Bucky was pacing along the room and while he definitely seemed angry and gave off a violent aura, his eyes were full of pain.

"Leave, or I will make you," he threatened and Tony lightly

laughed.

"As if you could. Bucky, honestly, we both know you would never hurt me."

"Yeah, well, we'll see about that, won't we?"

"I guess we will," Tony said with a shrug and then settled down on the couch.

"If you don't leave I will throw something at you and it will hit this time," Bucky said, voice low and tight with anger. "I want you to leave."

If Tony hadn't turned on the light he might even believe him, Bucky had his violent outbursts somedays, but since the light was on he could very clearly see the pain in Bucky's eyes and also the silent plea to not listen to him.

"Like hell I'm leaving you when you look at me like that," Tony said, voice firm and Bucky almost growled at him.

Tony made himself comfortable on the couch, prepared to wait this out, and Bucky continued his pacing. He wrung his hands, occasionally hit the wall and kicked everything that came into his way. Whenever his eyes fell on Tony, he spat some insults and threats but Tony didn't budge.

Tony knew that it wasn't a good idea to talk to him, and so he just sat, quietly, and watched Bucky.

It took nearly two hours before Bucky's shoulders slumped and all his energy abruptly left him. He took a deep breath and Tony was pretty sure he was about to burst into tears, but he still didn't move.

Only when Bucky turned around to look at him, did he finally change his position. He sat up and opened his eyes, motioning for Bucky to come over.

Bucky hesitated a few seconds before he gave up and flopped down into Tony's arms. Tony hugged him close and soothingly stroke his back, while Bucky cried into his neck.

It didn't took him long to calm down, but he didn't try to move away from Tony and so Tony just continued the stroking.

"Thank you for not leaving," Bucky finally whispered into Tony's neck and Tony kissed his head.

"You're not getting rid of me that easily," he mumbled and Bucky squeezed him. Tony knew that it wasn't like Bucky really wanted him to go after all.

End  
file.